Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a paper in his hand, alone.

Berow. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pytch that defiles; defile, a foule worde: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole sayd, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit! By the Lord this Loue is as madd as *Aiax*, it kills Sheepe, it kills mee, I a Sheepe well prooued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang mee: I'fayth I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to rime, and to be mallicholie: and heere is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweete Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the worlde, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Heere comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He standes a side. The King entreth.

King. Ay mee!

Be. Shot by heauen, proceed sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papp: in fayth secrets.

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning dropps vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot,
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou thinst in euerie teare that I do weepe,
No drop but as a Coach doth carrie thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my wo.
Do but beholde the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glorie through my griefe will show:

But

But do not loue thy selfe, then thou will keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of queenes, how farre doost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweete leaues shade follie. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longauill. The King steps a side.

What *Longauill*, and reading: listen eare.

Berow. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay mee! I am forsworne.

Berow. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, sweete fellowship in shame.

Ber. One drunkard loues an other of the name.

Long. Am I the first that haue been periurd so?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makest the triumpherie, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hanges vp Simplicitie.

Long. I feare these stubborne lines lacke power to moue.
O sweete *Maria*, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gardes on wanton *Cupids* hose,
Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This same shall go. *He reades the Sonnet.*

'Did not the heauenly Rethorique of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot holde argument,
'Perswade my hart to this false periurie?
'Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.
'A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,
'Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
'My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
'Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in mee.
'Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapoure is.
'Then thou faire Sunne, which on my earth doost shine,
'Exhalst this vapour-vow in thee it is:
'If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
'If by mee broke, What foole is not so wise,
'To loose an oth, to winn a Parradise?

Bero. This is the lyuer veine, which makes flesh a deitie.